Lyndon Johnson's World *The Editors*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Jean Daniel

Dirksen Delivers —*Murray Kempton*

Dr. Caligari —*Hilary Corke*

Run-Down Railroads —*Claiborne Pell*

Painting Popcorn —*Frank Getlein*

The GOP —*Gerald W. Johnson*

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

LBJ's Triumph

★ LBJ has been hurling himself about Washington like an elemental force. To be plain about it, he has won our admiration in the past fortnight.

First he charged into the railway strike threat – a nasty task, which a President hates. By sheer personal force, so far as we can judge, he knocked heads together, at great risk to himself. In one of the most joyous and corny scenes we have ever witnessed, LBJ dashed to the nearest TV station and told the nation all about it like a proud papa exhibiting his first son.

Earlier came the false report of Khrushchev's death. Nothing has scared the capital so much for a long time. Mr. K gone; what would we do without him? He knew our moves, we knew his, and we trusted him (if that's the word) in the ritual of The Bomb. Well, he wasn't dead, just 70 . . . and suddenly it turned out that he and LBJ had been writing letters to each other. Good. The Soviet Ambassador called for an hour's talk with LBJ. Fine. Then came the electrifying word of nuclear cutbacks. Splendid. Almost it seemed that common sense was breaking out!

LBJ held his king-size press conference (the absence of which TRB has deplored) and it went off well. As a matter of fact, LBJ kept on holding press conferences. It was fine weather, and whenever the President couldn't think of anything else to do he seemed to hold one. Or appeared with a statement. Or made a speech. As a matter of fact this is one of the gabbiest Presidents in history.

LBJ isn't JFK. So what? He's impulsive, emotional, sentimental, sensitive, bumptious, corny, prolix, able and Texan. He's also on the right side of some fine things, and is pushing them with skilled and ferocious energy. . . . On civil rights he asked the editors, *"When, when, when – ?"* Not the answer, maybe; but it's the right question.

As we see the political situation, Cuba is pretty well washed up as a GOP issue and the big one is becoming Vietnam. The Russians are getting out of Cuba, and we don't think Castro will be suicidal enough to knock down one of our overflights. Are overflights legal? No, we suppose not. At the risk of offending some of our readers this particular column hopes we continue to make them.

Vietnam is a different matter. It looks as though we are losing the war there and it's a bad business. The choice seems to be to go deeper in, or get out; and we may have to decide which before the election. The Republicans are zeroing in on the issue, for they are desperate. LBJ is strong on the domestic side, so politics will probably start at the water's edge. Goldwater and Nixon urge that the war be pushed into the North, and Dirksen and Halleck are making crowd noises about it, like fans trying to rattle a visiting pitcher. They say Johnson should do something; they don't say what. Can the State Department keep its head, and freedom of maneuver, under political pressure? It will be a test of nerve.

The oddest situation of all is that of romantic Ambassador Lodge. He is identified with the Administration's Vietnam policy while himself a putative Presidential rival. Let it be set down simply here that nobody we know can figure this one out.

Boost for Communism

★ The big feature of the civil rights debate is that Hubert Humphrey now officially calls it a "filibuster" (after seven weary weeks), and that panjandrum J. Edgar Hoover, the official American witch-finder, says Communists are trying to infiltrate the Negro organizations. Of course they are; who thought they wouldn't? But what a boost for Communism this is! – as segregationists sow suspicion of Red subversion in every sitdown strike from now on, "Communism" is automatically equated by the rightists with the fight for liberty, justice and decency. Communism loves to be pushed into such company.

There have been three basic developments in the civil rights revolution, as we see it, since Kennedy sent up his first program to Congress in February, a year ago. The battle has finally and forever seeped out of the South, as witness the furore at the NY World's Fair; the white backlash has grown, as witness the Governor Wallace foray in Wisconsin, Indiana and Maryland primaries; and finally, the "moderate" control of the Negro movement wavers in the balance because of Congressional delays. *When, when, when?*

Do you favor a Constitutional amendment to unite Church and State? We venture to guess that most Americans do, if they were asked to vote on the innocent-sounding proposal pending in the House Judiciary Committee, cosponsored by 144 members, "to put God back in the schools," *i.e.*, to allow school prayers and devotional Bible reading. The fervor expressed by exponents is evangelical.

The Supreme Court's famous decision, of course, was not designed to bolster atheism and did not ban study of Bible or religion. It said that agencies of government should not favor one denomination and hurt another by intruding religious services in secular matters. Outstanding leaders of nearly every Protestant, Catholic and Jewish community have endorsed the Court's ruling, while others have fervently opposed. The pending "prayer amendment" would, we guess, permit almost any kind of religious exercise or ceremony in public schools, however much minorities objected.

★ *Notes:* Our spies at Princeton inform us that the proposed undergraduate segregationist council (TRB – April 11) was dealt with suavely; outsiders infiltrated it, and joyfully elected Robert Engs '66 – a Negro. . . . Boston Cardinal Cushing's public withdrawal of support for the John Birch Society, previously given, was manly but humiliating; the *naïveté* of the Catholic Establishment in supporting "anti-Communists," of whom McCarthy was the great example, has been a source of sorrow to many inside and outside the Church.

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Johnson's World

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Shifting realities, shifting alignments: thus the President last week tried to sum up the state of the world. Between ourselves and the Russians, there is perhaps a certain coincidence of policy. Nevertheless the two heavyweights continue to stalk stiffly around each other, their limbs still half-frozen from the Cold War. Mr. Johnson called the American posture holding out the hand but keeping the guard up; what could be more awkward than that? To some extent, the President is handicapped because he evidently feels that he ought to stay on the course that his predecessor charted, at least until after November. How could his vision not blur occasionally from the strain of keeping one eye on the future of Western civilization and the other on the campaign?

The cutback in the production of needless quantities of the raw material of atomic bombs coincides with an identical Russian move. But the promised withdrawal of the last Soviet military forces from Cuba seems to have prompted a tightening of the screw on Castro. The President may have decided that the Russians are leaving Castro to his fate and that therefore the time has come to squeeze him still harder. If so, the Administration is moving in the opposite direction to what Senator Fulbright recently recommended. Again domestic politics rather than diplomatic realism is the explanation; the Democrats must wish to blunt one of the horns of the dilemma on which the Republicans seek to impale their party. The other horn is of course Vietnam. Mr. Nixon returned from there to join Senator Goldwater in demands for direct action – carefully left unspecified – against North Vietnam. The Administration runs the risk of being successfully accused of wasting American lives in a war that will last another 10 years or more, and Mr. Johnson had to admit last week that the situation in Vietnam was about where it stood 10 years ago despite all that has been done to help Saigon governments since 1954. But he evidently feels he has no choice except to continue at least for the time being with a Southeast Asia policy that events almost daily bring into further disrepute. The only gleam of consolation is that the President has given no sign as yet of sharing Mr. Nixon's and Senator Goldwater's delusion that an attack on North Vietnam would leave the Chinese unmoved. Nor, on the other hand, has the President given any sign that a new, positive China policy is needed – one that will remove from the United States the increasing burden of trying to keep Communist China out of the United Nations, and instead will

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lay on the Chinese the responsibility of qualifying for entry by promising not to attack their neighbors, including Taiwan. For a fleeting moment last week, Mr. Johnson seemed to come within hailing distance of such a clarification; unfortunately in the same week, the right-wing generals in Laos chose to apply what they evidently thought was the message of American precipitance in welcoming the military *coup* in Brazil, and tossed Southeast Asia back into its customary chaos of cross-purposes.

In his comments on non-Communist countries the President sometimes tends to talk as if most of them did not possess even the wheel until the United States graciously invented it. A sensitive Texan should know better. Yet he is strong on foreign aid, and the aid-hating axe-wielders in Congress are now under notice that this year's foreign aid request is an irreducible minimum and that if they cut it he will simply go on demanding supplemental appropriations until the sum is made good again. He also repeated the Administration's intention to hold open the doors to trade with Eastern Europe, despite the frenzied cries of the would-be removers of Polish hams from American supermarket shelves. But the Administration is going to run into trouble over trade with Europe. There is growing restiveness about renewed attempts to bring foreign exporters, shippers and airlines under the jurisdiction of American regulatory agencies, especially when these attempts are accompanied by demands for access to the foreigners' filing cabinets. Furthermore, the "Kennedy Round" of trade talks that formally opens in Europe next week is liable to cause a head-on clash between this country and the European Common Market over sales to Europe of US farm products. It may not be possible to avoid this, if the Europeans prove completely inflexible, especially the French. But there is still room for more understanding by both sides. As a helmsman the President is showing increasing confidence, but the tides and sandbars of a shifting world demand a subtle as well as a steady hand.

Silencing Furtado

To give plausibility to its pledge to make Brazil a real partner in the Alliance for Progress, the new regime has appointed as Minister of Planning the former Ambassador to Washington, progressive Roberto Campos. But this scarcely balances its disgraceful attack on Celso Furtado, one of the few Brazilians to go all out for the *Alianza* at its inception. Moreover, the new right-wing Ministers have under arrest thousands of citizens who are certainly not Communists. Brazil may have been thrust into the fire of a right-wing police state under pretext of being saved from Communist infiltration.

Furtado had a plan to develop northeastern Brazil and the US gave financial help. After President Goulart ran afoul of Washington, Furtado and a staff of dedicated young Brazilians carried on despite constant harassment from both the Right and the Left. In Washington in March, Furtado renewed his plea for genuine rapid development to avoid social cataclysm in Latin America; he criticized the *Alianza* for being tied up in red tape. One of the first acts of the new regime in Brazil was to take away Furtado's citizenship rights. It also packed off to an island prison in the Atlantic the progressive northeast governor, Miguel Arraes, whose crime seems to have been to try to protect the workers in his state of Pernambuco against the rapacity of landowners and sugar-mill operators. Even Carlos Lacerda, the able but stridently right-wing Governor of Guanabara State, has expressed uneasiness about the new regime's sweeping arrests and wholesale punishments.

Endrin in Memphis

Since it disclosed findings indicating that minute quantities of endrin, a highly toxic pesticide, killed 10 million fish over the past four years in the lower Mississippi River drainage basin, the US Public Health Service has had its scientists scouring the river banks to find out where it came from. There is considerable evidence to show that endrin runs off cotton and sugar cane on which it is sprayed, and into the streams and rivers which join the Mississippi. In addition, however, initial readings of endrin levels in the Mississippi waters showed a sharp rise near Memphis, Tenn., where Velsicol, a principal maker of the pesticide, has a plant. On investigation the PHS found endrin in such high levels in sewers, creeks and rivers into which Velsicol feeds its wastes, that last week it sent out a warning so that Memphis and nearby states might take "appropriate steps" to safeguard public health. Endrin is so poisonous that tenths of a part per billion in the water are enough to kill fish, according to the Interior Department. In the mud of one sewer leading from the Velsicol plant, the PHS found the pesticide in quantities as high as 1,996,000 parts per billion.

Velsicol officials however have denied that the plant is contaminating the river. "Our effluence is clean," one was reported as saying. Bernard Lorant, director of research for Velsicol, has denied that endrin is responsible for fish deaths in the Mississippi. He said the symptoms of the fish deaths are those of diseases caused by organisms, and that the company's independent tests agreed with earlier reports of the Louisiana Wildlife and Fish Commission citing the cause of the deaths as fish dropsy caused by an organism.

James Coulter of the PHS said, "We know it [the

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plant] is a major contributor to contamination of the river." But he said it was unlikely that the plant is the only source of contamination. There are other plants along the Mississippi that handle endrin.

Larry Williams, a special correspondent in Memphis, writes: A poisonous gas which produces symptoms like those of wartime chlorine gas made 20 persons sick and sent one seven-year-old boy to the hospital at the end of May last year. City officials were not able to pin down its source. Several days later, 30 persons went to the hospital in another gas attack. Chlorine is involved in the manufacture of endrin, a type of chemical compound known as a chlorinated hydrocarbon. Part of the Velsicol plant was closed down for a week while its operations were checked out for safety precautions by state authorities who then declared it to be safe.

In August, John P. Kirk, executive vice president of Velsicol, came to Memphis from the company's headquarters in Chicago. "We discovered a couple of months ago," he said, "that we had a community relations problem here. . . . There was a question of whether Memphis really wanted us." So officials of the firm took 100 local businessmen, city and county elected officials to lunch and later gave them a tour of the plant. "We want you to know what our plant looks like and smells like," Kirk declared.

This April, 17 suits, for damages totaling $1.7 million, were filed in federal district court in Memphis against Velsicol by employees of Borg-Warner Corp. These workers said they received eye, lung, chest, throat and respiratory system injuries June 7, 1963, when chlorine gas flowed into Borg-Warner's plant, located nearby Velsicol. Herbert Moriarity Jr., an attorney for some of the people suing Velsicol, chided the Memphis public health department. He said the department is "quick to run hot tamale vendors off the street, but they won't do anything about a $1 million complex."

Since the US Public Health Service's recent interest in Memphis, city officials have clammed up. Everett C. Handorf, director of engineering for the city health department, said, "We have problems, but Velsicol has more than we do. In view of the lawsuits, I'd rather just keep my mouth shut about the whole thing."

In neighboring Mississippi, Dr. A. L. Gray, state health officer, said a brand of endrin was responsible for the deaths of 204 cattle last spring in Greenwood. Cattle spray used on a 1,400-acre farm of Yandell Fraiser was prepared in an empty drum which had contained pesticide. Residue from the endrin-based poison apparently contaminated the cattle spray. Henry Mounce, the Fraiser plantation manager, was hospitalized for shock and poisoning. Four years earlier, Murray S. Knowlton, owner of Mississippi's largest plantation, lost 106 cattle which strayed into freshly sprayed cotton fields. "Now we cut holes in the 55-gallon concentrate drums and throw them in the Mississippi River," Knowlton said. Three years ago a farmer near Greenwood threw three empty drums in the Yazoo River, a tributary of the Mississippi. Thousands of fish died miles downstream.

Trees of Appalachia

The Commerce Department which has been anxious to lure new industry into depressed Appalachia is under fire for itself depressing a new and flourishing business in that region – the export of black walnut logs. Exports must be sharply reduced, the department has ruled, to the fury of exporters who say Appalachia will lose $10 million in business as a result.

The United States is the only country in the world that produces black walnut, and there is a run on it both here and abroad since furniture with the warm, light-brown hues of walnut is very much in vogue. (In Japan, many buyers will settle for nothing less than US walnut furniture.) Much of the walnut is processed into thin sheets of veneer which then are used to overlay less exotically colored woods. The best black walnut is thought to come from six states slightly to the west of the Appalachian region, and most domestic manufacturers of veneer get their supplies from this area. But as demand increased, the search spread west to California and east into the Appalachians. Buyers from Japan, Italy, Canada and West Germany bought up trees on farmers' land throughout the Appalachian region; this meant money not only for the farmer who sold his trees, but for mills, truckers and small-town bankers. Farm bureaus, anxious to protect the suppliers from a rooking at the hands of foreign buyers, began to organize farmers, and the prices of walnut trees rose; a good log could fetch several hundred dollars.

However, as foreign buying drove prices higher, domestic furniture companies and manufacturers who use walnut persuaded the Commerce Department to pare exports, which it did, on the grounds that this precious natural resource was fast being exhausted. It could be that manufacturers wanted to drive walnut prices back down so they could reduce costs of making furniture. The Secretary of Commerce, Luther Hodges, early this year announced a program to cut exports by more than one-half, and to reduce domestic production by a fairly small amount. Whether or not domestic production actually is reduced is left pretty much up to the manufacturers, who, Hodges hopes, will make their veneer thinner, thus saving the wood. But a number of manufacturers make furniture from imperfect wood, and if the veneer is cut more thinly, the buyer will be able to see through it. At least one person,

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Neal Smith, a Democratic Representative from Iowa and himself a farmer who has sold walnut, feels the department is overstressing the depletion of black walnut trees. "Up until the past two years," he says, "walnut logs have been so cheap that farmers would not bother to plant them in woodlots and would let them stand until they were rotten or ruined for veneer purposes."

How Will Farmers Vote?

Des Moines, Iowa

A farm poll in Iowa, conducted by *Wallaces Farmer* just before the New Hampshire primary in March, gave Johnson 51 percent to Nixon's 28. (Nixon was the high man among Republican candidates.) That's a lot different from an Iowa farm poll last fall where Goldwater got 30 percent of the vote to Kennedy's 39 percent. Note that in both cases, there was a big undecided vote. The honeymoon glow will fade, of course, but it does look as if Johnson has a chance of running stronger than Stevenson in 1956 or Kennedy in 1960.

The Iowa farmer and the Wisconsin farmer have the habit of voting a lot like the nation as a whole. In 1960, Iowa farmers were a few points more Republican than the nation and Wisconsin farmers were a few points more Democratic than the nation.

This may surprise some folks who think Midwest farmers are solidly Republican. Observers often confuse the vote in farm precincts with the vote in county seat towns. A study by Harlan Hahn of Harvard points out that in 1960, the most Republican sector in Iowa was towns of 2,500 to 5,000. In that year, these small towns gave Kennedy 37 percent of the vote. Farm precincts in Iowa gave him 46 percent. Go back through the elections for the past 30 years and you get the same answer. The heart of Republican strength in the Midwest is the small town. Farmers in Iowa and Wisconsin, on the other hand, are usually a little more Democratic than the state as a whole.

President Johnson will probably do better on Iowa farms than Kennedy did in 1960 because Democratic Governor Hughes looks like a winner and will help the whole ticket; because Johnson isn't a Catholic; because Iowa farm women in the past have been giving Republican candidates more votes than their husbands, but Johnson is as strong with women as with men; and because young farmers, who divided evenly between the candidates in 1960, are now leaning toward the Democrats.

Why have the women started to switch? Aside from those who cast an anti-Catholic vote in 1960 and are now coming back to the Democrats, the change seems based on the peace and war issue. The *Wallaces Farmer* poll asked repeatedly, "Which party . . . do you think will do the better job in heading off World War III?" Iowa farm women gave the Republicans 53 percent in 1956, but only 13.4 percent in 1963 on this issue. In 1952, 1956 and 1960, a majority of Iowa farm people thought the Democrats would do more for farm income than the Republicans. In spite of this, their feelings on the peace and war issue were so strong that they gave the "peace candidates," Eisenhower and Nixon, the edge. This year, as of today, neither party qualifies as the peace party and that may make a difference.

Since 1960, there has been a shift in the attitude of age groups. In both 1960 and 1964, the folks 65 and over stay solidly Republican. The Kennedy-Johnson program for hospital insurance hasn't weakened the faith of the older people in the GOP. Among younger voters, however, there is a different situation. The Goldwater claim of support among young men doesn't get much backing on Iowa farms. Here is the way Iowa farm men, ages 21-34, voted in a *Wallaces Farmer* poll:

Goldwater	14 percent
Johnson	63 percent
Undecided	23 percent

Farmers, of course, will watch the price of hogs, corn and soybeans in early November; but peace hopes are likely again to outweigh the pocketbook.

DONALD R. MURPHY

More than a Hundred Ways to Gyp McNamara

Mr. McNamara's cost-cutting program saved about $1.4 billion last year. But as the Secretary of Defense himself suggests and as a recently released report of the Joint Economic Committee of the Congress emphasizes, this is a drop in the bucket. Buried in the back of the committee print is a synopsis of more than 100 ways the Defense Department got gypped in 1963. It was prepared by the General Accounting Office (GAO), a watchdog agency that has been trying to help the Defense Department screw up the courage to say no to contractors who want to take it for a ride. But GAO's major job seems to have been to persuade the secretaries of the three services and their procurement staffs that they should read contracts before signing;

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here are just a few instances of how the government gets taken:

► For several years a division of Curtiss-Wright refused to pay the Air Force for facilities it had agreed to rent from it. When the Air Force asked the company what use was being made of the facilities, the company did not reply. Finally the matter came before the Armed Services Board of Contract Appeals. In effect, it gave the company a reduction in rent by handing down a ruling impossible to implement. One condition was that Curtiss-Wright would pay full rent only if it used the government's machines 24 hours a day. But the facilities were closed Sundays and holidays, and the machines had to be turned off periodically for repairs. The government lost $2.6 million in rent as a result.

► Two contractors delivered defective end curtains for Army trucks, but the Army accepted them anyway and paid $315,000, then paid another $24,000 for proper end curtains, and will shell out $200,000 more to replace or repair the defective curtains.

► The Air Force contracted with Sonotone Corp. for a type of storage battery and spare parts. Without telling the Air Force, Sonotone changed the battery design, enabling it to make a less expensive product. As a result, the contract price of $1,901,200 exceeded costs by 58 percent.

► The Army bought surplus parts for $321,854 from Aerodex, Inc., which had purchased the same parts from a parts dealer for $71,858. Some of the parts were government surplus.

► The Air Force Logistics Command's Mobile Air Materiel Area authorized Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corp. to purchase electronic equipment without telling it about the prices the government was then paying. As a result the Mobile Air Area put out $2.5 million, almost double the cost the Air Force and Navy paid for the same parts.

In many instances the GAO surveys show the military services accept company cost data without question. As examples:

The $2.6 million paid to Aluminum Co. of America for military aircraft forgings exceeded Alcoa's production costs by about 51 percent.

The price the Bureau of Ships negotiated with Foster Wheeling Corp. for ship propulsion boilers ($1,722,300) was at least $132,200 above the corporation's proposed 10 percent profit.

Lockheed Aircraft, prime contractor for Polaris missiles, issued purchase orders for 259 parts to Brush Beryllium. The quoted price was $2,839,420. Lockheed tried to determine the costs of these parts to Brush, but Brush refused to provide the information. The GAO estimated the quotation exceeded costs by $785,906, or more than 38 percent.

The General Accounting Office succeeded in killing a Navy Department agreement with Westinghouse Electric when it found out that the Navy was to pay $1 million for a "technical data package" even though under previous contracts it had unlimited rights to the information. But the GAO failed to get the Navy to recover $6.7 million in excessive costs it paid companies on a construction project; a Navy official told a House subcommittee that $5.1 million had been recovered, but a further GAO check indicated that the Navy had erred and got back only $3 million.

The Navy spent more than $1 million to build radar equipment to operate on a frequency that was not authorized. The Army spent $3 million on radiation measuring equipment it knew could never be used and subsequently spent another $663,000 on modifying it. And the Army poured $300 million into a missile system that its own reports showed to be inaccurate; spent $2.1 million for 557 air conditioners at the United States Air Defense School at Fort Bliss, which were never used; and spent $1.4 million more than necessary to build Nike-Hercules missiles, because it failed to give the contractor components that it had on hand.

Because the Army and Marine Corps have not been able to decide whether tropical woolen trousers should or should not have flaps on the hip pockets, the government spends $68,000 each year to make both types. And the Navy won't stop wearing brown dress shoes, though the other services use black dress shoes, so the government spends $158,000 extra to buy brown shoes.

JAMES RIDGEWAY

FOREIGN REPORTS

ISRAEL: *The Non-Europeans*

★ The name Kalman Katznelson meant little to most Israelis two months ago. Today he is one of the most controversial figures in the country. The book he wrote which caused the storm, *The Ashkenazi Revolution*, has been withdrawn from circulation, but the issues it raised are being hotly debated.

Ashkenazim is the name commonly applied to the Western European Jews in Israel. Though they were in the majority in 1948, now they are slowly being outnumbered by the Oriental, or Sephardic Jews who come from Iran, North Africa, Yemen and Persia. The Sephardim number about half of Israel's population, but account for less than five percent of the university students and only a handful of the members of parliament. Two minor cabinet officials are Sephardim.

The reason for this has little to do with discrimination (though the Sephardim feel discriminated against). The rate of illiteracy among the Sephardic

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immigrants is high while illiteracy is almost non-existent among the Europeans. The government is trying hard to close the gap, but it cannot be done in a decade. Politics is becoming like Tammany Hall. The Oriental bloc-vote is manipulated by European machine politicians. Sometimes the machine runs wild; Beersheba last year elected a Sephardic mayor in an election in which all parties ran Sephardic candidates because a local Sephardic bigwig demanded: "Let's get rid of the Ashkenazim in Town Hall."

Katznelson claimed in his book that Zionism has always been an Ashkenazi affair. The Oriental Jews, according to him, have always had different cultural affinities. He even suggests that some of them rejoiced at the fate of European Jewry in World War II. He argued that the Sephardim in Israel should be content with their inferior status.

The outcry was enormous. Some Sephardic politicians urged the government to prosecute Katznelson for inciting racial hatred; others filed private libel suits against him. The Booksellers Association called upon its members not to sell the book and Prime Minister Eshkol regretted its publication, promising legislation to ban "publications aimed at any community of the Jewish people." Few people probably would share Katznelson's views, but he did bring out a sore point in Zionist ideology. No one had envisioned a Jewish state made up of a majority of non-Europeans. It always has thought of assimilating non-Europeans into a European Jewry. Now the only immigrants are Oriental.

EAST EUROPE: *New Directions*

★ The countries of Eastern Europe are still shedding the remnants of the Stalin era.

The leaders of Rumania recently revealed their intention of building up the country's industrial system on a national plan of their own, as opposed to proposals by Moscow to subordinate Rumania to a scheme of Soviet-Eastern European joint development. They are turning to the West for needed equipment, and they have been further identifying their regime with the Rumanian nation by a new emphasis on national culture, and by some downgrading of things Russian.

In Poland, the posture of equality with Moscow that was assumed by the Gomulka regime in 1956 has been maintained, as have generally Gomulka's experiments with more cultural freedom, individual farming, and close economic ties with the West. In trade, the Poles have entered a far-reaching accord with their principal wartime foe, the West Germans, and the Poles think that Khrushchev even may have to come to terms with the West Germans in order to secure Russia's rear in case he has real trouble with China.

In Hungary, the government has been steadily easing restrictions and opening jobs and education to non-Communists in an effort to conciliate the people.

RHODESIA: *White Supremacy*

★ The already weakened British Conservative Party may split before this year's general election if it has to make a painful decision about the future of Southern Rhodesia. That African territory's 221,000 whites want an independent, white-run Southern Rhodesia. The little country's two former partners in the defunct Central African Federation, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, get their independence this year (Nyasaland in July and Northern Rhodesia in October); they are already run by black politicians. In those circumstances, there is strong support in the British Conservative Party for Southern Rhodesia's independence. Nevertheless, there will probably be a massive revolt of the more moderate Conservative Party members of parliament, if independence is conceded to Southern Rhodesia under its new Prime Minister, Ian Smith, who is regarded as a white extremist. Moreover, the Commonwealth Prime Ministers meeting in London in July would probably turn thumbs down on making Ian Smith one of them.

The situation in Southern Rhodesia recalls Algeria in 1961. Smith's three predecessors as Prime Minister all were ousted for being too moderate to suit the majority of the whites but were not progressive enough to satisfy the 3.6 million blacks. The economy of the country is being eroded by racial tension, and 1,500 whites leave every month. The British government in London would like both white and black Rhodesians to accept a timetable that would hand Southern Rhodesia over to African majority rule by 1969, but there seems little chance of agreement. Smith became Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia by only a few parliamentary votes, and might yet be replaced by Sir Roy Welensky, the best known of the country's former white Prime Ministers. The trouble with this possible "solution" is that Sir Roy has already tried and failed to find a way out.

Smith however may decide to forestall such a move by a *fait accompli*, declaring white-run Rhodesia an independent republic like South Africa. This would not ease the dilemma of the British Conservative government. South Africa is a republic run by white supremacists, but although ostracized, the South African government is legal. An all-white Southern Rhodesian government could provoke African leaders to set up their own government-in-exile which might be recognized by the United Nations. Whichever of the two rival Southern Rhodesian governments the British government then recognized, it would be sure to be in trouble with some of its own supporters.

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Dirksen Delivers the Souls

by Murray Kempton

Since the first week in March, Everett McKinley Dirksen, Republican leader of the Senate, has carried the civil rights bill with him through the labyrinth of his conscience and of his calculation.

"Forty preachers," he says – the job description seemed itself an affront – "caught me outside Humphrey's office one afternoon." "I am not a moralist," he had told them. "I am a legislator."

Those innocents had come upon that old artificer at the height of a performance which, for six weeks, lifted the bill's opponents to fantasies of hope and drove its less-experienced supporters to the borders of paranoia.

Now Dirksen has almost completed his sinuous pilgrimage. Its final turn is as yet no more certain than any twist of Dirksen's is. But there is every sign that this journey will end as most of Dirksen's do.

He began by binding to him those Republican Senators who wanted the civil rights bill weakened and who trusted him to leech it. Now, having assembled his troops, he seems ready to deliver them over to the bipartisan civil rights command and, with them, the last apparent chance that the bill can be substantially depleted or its passage delayed past the Republican convention in July.

He must, of course, extract some price for turning over the citadel. But, as delivery day approached, Dirksen seemed more and more open to accept paper rather than hard bullion. The changes in the law which he demanded were almost daily less of substance and more of form. It was already being said that Dirksen had saved the bill. But there survived the suspicion that a civil rights law was inevitable at this session in any case, and that, except for three touchy days in the House Judiciary Committee, all its crises were false.

The crisis of Everett Dirksen seemed then the most contrived of all, born more than anything else in that hatred for boredom which is the sincerest part of his nature, and thus only the baroque writhing and coiling his sensibilities need to relieve a mechanical process.

And yet, assuming that he was now ready to go along in all matters essential to the bill, Dirksen had done no small thing. He had acted out the ritual of initial distrust, long deliberation and final acceptance for all the dubious Republican Senators who have appointed him their agent. These men can disregard the protests of the unwashed white against the well-scrubbed Negro. But, like Dirksen, they feel their kinship with those businessmen who dislike fair employment practice laws if only because they mean keeping even more records and entertaining even more federal agents.

Dirksen is the Senator most trusted to represent the American businessman in his distaste for any visitor from government who does not come bearing subsidy. There are no less than a dozen Republican Senators whose inclinations to sympathy, like Dirksen's, are vulnerable to no appeal so much as the one which comes from a chamber of commerce and who, like him, had been shaken by protests from businessmen.

For such Senators to have heard how strenuously Dirksen has thought the bill through amounts to having thought it through themselves, and now they are ready to vote. As April trailed toward its end, previously uncertain Senators like Cotton of New Hampshire and Curtis of Nebraska were muttering that the debate had gone on long enough and that the time had come to vote on the Dirksen amendments, which their leader seemed still able to convince the Cottons and the Curtises were substantive changes even while he was converting them into refinements of punctuation.

The civil rights bill, by the nature of the issue which produced it, stands peculiarly in need of a general enough majority to give the appearance of a national consensus. Dirksen would seem to have produced such a majority by handing over to it an unexpected bundle of Republicans. And the law will need a legislative history heavy with the atmosphere of serious and painful consideration. Here too, Dirksen has given it a satisfactory illusion of that atmosphere. And he seems to offer these blessings at the smallest conceivable price.

"There are a lot of Senators who are worse than they look," one of his colleagues says. "Dirksen is the only one who is better than he looks."

But no one has yet been able to explain why Dirksen feels compelled to seem worse than he looks. There is clearly something in his nature which enjoys deception

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and surprise; and in one single moment of his life he accrued a moral capital which ever since has allowed him to deceive and yet never disillusion the orthodox Republicans who have appointed him their pastor.

Dirksen first intruded seriously upon the national consciousness at the 1952 Republican convention when he hurled his reproaches on Thomas E. Dewey against the night that was falling on Robert Taft. That was the most public act of his life and the most principled. He must have known that Taft was beaten when he stood defiant beside him; detached as he is about every other politician, Everett Dirksen would destroy himself for Taft. And this was one of those acts of principle which are worth more to a man than any act of calculation. Ever since, Dirksen has held that sacred place in the memory of all those Republicans whose allegiance is to a Taft government-in-exile that Eugene McCarthy has to those of us who cling still to a Stevenson government-in-exile.

Nothing else explains how Dirksen has since been able to pursue with authority undiminished a career whose effect has been one of repetitive deceptions of those who trust him and of continually pleasant surprise to those who distrust him.

Prayed and Fasted

He transiently joined the American committee to rescue Moise Tshombe from the United Nations; and, from the vantage of that ultra position, moved in six months to vote for the UN bond issue and to carry a number of conservative Republicans in his train. His first reaction to the nuclear-test-ban treaty was to catalogue insuperable objections; then he prayed and fasted and returned within a week to stand at President Kennedy's right hand and vote himself and an unexpected cluster of orthodox Republicans for the treaty.

That history would seem to make Dirksen's pattern entirely predictable. Yet it is an important piece of his mystery that those Republican colleagues who have learned the pattern persist each in thinking that he alone knows its secret.

Senators A and B, both committed members of the Republican civil rights cadre, each came separately to agree last week that Dirksen had shrunk his demands for amendments to the civil rights bill toward a point where no reasonable man could think them damaging.

"Look," said Senator A, "we're 99 percent in agreement. If B and C would just keep quiet. We could work out our differences with Dirksen in an hour and practically every Republican would vote for the bill if B and C would just keep quiet."

That morning Senator B had said: "I wish A would understand how close we are to agreement with Dirksen and stop rocking the boat."

There is then no longer much reason to wonder where Dirksen will begin when an issue is drawn and where he will end when it is voted. There abides though the mystery of his motive.

Dirksen does not pose as a high-minded man, which is certainly proper because, in most small things, he isn't. He comes from Southern Illinois; and his rhetoric, even when he engages serious matters, is so elaborate a parody of the pieties and hypocrisies of the small town as to be plainly conscious and indicative of an unappeased hatred for that environment. The great advantage of a style like Dirksen's is that no man could overrate his own motives while indulging it. He is, then, a self-mocker.

But he is vain about his command of the Republican minority and his unique talent for establishing its consensus. And his satisfactions as an artist require an element of deception in the composition. The high ceremony of agreement would cloy him if he could not swindle someone in its production. When Lyndon Johnson was Majority Leader of the Senate, there used to be complaints that he passed weak laws by bemusing the liberals into thinking them strong. Now Everett Dirksen seems to be moving toward the passage of a strong civil rights law by telling the conservatives that it is weak, and no one is heard to complain.

When the civil rights bill came to the Senate, Dirksen was a removed and suspicious bystander, always implying that he might turn into a dangerous enemy. No more than eight of the 33 Republicans were entirely committed to the bill, the whole bill and nothing but the bill. Senator Kuchel of California, the party whip and one of their own, was designated Republican floor leader for the bill; but Dirksen was disturbingly careful to keep him under rein.

Whatever evidence they had of Dirksen's interest fed the fears more than the hopes of the committed. From the beginning of the debate, the civil rights bloc held daily strategy meetings, with each Senator represented by his legislative assistant. One afternoon in the second week, those in attendance were surprised by the presence of three silent strangers who returned the next day and were asked to identify themselves. Each answered "Dirksen." They seemed so alien and their absent chief so sinister that a pall fell over anyone who might have an impulse to the uninhibited discussion of strategy – Dirksen, after all, was a major subject – and the sessions were abandoned.

In April, Dirksen himself emerged to provide further fuel for the fancies of the civil rights Republicans. The bill's fair employment practice section was, he said, so imperfect that he intended to offer 70 amendments to it. Congress, said Dirksen, should encourage the states to protect equal opportunity of employment. He himself was ready to wait at least two years to see

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what FEPCs the states could provide. If the Senate was not so patient, he would suggest that any federal Fair Employment Practices Commission be required to yield its jurisdiction to any equivalent state commission. If the federal commission decided that a state commission was not prosecuting its business with enough energy, it could go to court and sue for the right to take any particular case off state hands. The main prospect opened by this proposal was that the Southern states would set up their own Fair Employment Practices Commissions, and that the federal agency would exhaust itself in litigating case by case such open questions as the degree of the Mississippi FEPC's dedication.

Senators Javits and Case responded at once with the judgment that their leader proposed to gut the bill. But the dozen or so Republican Senators who had been unable until now to find a handle for their inarticulate objections rallied behind Dirksen. He called a minority conference; by now he had thrown away 30 of his amendments. The bill's hard Republican supporters found Dirksen detached, gracious and anxious for discussion; but they and the bill's soft Republican opponents came away subject alike to all the old delusive indications that Dirksen's heart was with the resistance.

One substantial Republican, from a small, white Midwestern state, argued against any amendments at all. He himself would, he said, like to see the bill remain as it was to be voted up or down. And Dirksen answered, with that candor which is never more dangerous than to the person it most comforts, that he too would like to see it voted up or down and that perhaps both of them would like to see it voted down, but they didn't have the votes. The bill's opponents had the blessing of his language; in the course of the afternoon, he did nothing for its opponents except throw away 23 of his amendments and end the session with 17.

The differences in substance grew smaller and smaller. At last, Dirksen offered to give the state FEPCs six months to handle any particular cases and then to allow the federal commission to take on jurisdiction whenever it found sloth. The civil rights Republicans objected to that and Dirksen thereupon offered to cut the waiting period to 90 days. He went on that way all week, anointing only the opponents of the bill and bargaining only with its supporters.

When he arose in the Senate to introduce his amendments at last, he was down to 11 with the most substantial – the short-term state priority to handle FEPC cases – withheld until Dirksen can work out some agreement with Case and Javits. None of the amendments he had offered seemed consequential.

The Southerners were still saying how grateful they were, while Dirksen sat in his office and every word he said underlined how much the illusion of his sympathy had cost the strategy of the resistance.

"Now we can move in a week or so to discuss the amendments," he said. "They have had their inning. The Southerners have had better radio, TV, press and magazine coverage than they have ever had. If their purpose is really to demonstrate their objections, they have done as well as they can. The debate has been spirited but it has not been frivolous.

"But they must think of the backlog that is piling up. At this very moment we are being queried about suggestions for the party platform. Just what would *you* say about civil rights if *you* came to a convention in July and this thing was still hanging fire? I just decided that the lightning had to be pulled out of the sky."

He shook the hanks of his hair; his old boyhood distastes overcame him and he murmured "Oh but the clergy." He had become a child again; the head seemed, as it always does, improperly dressed without a cap and bells. This is the lord of misrule and his crowning joke on us is that his is the rule of reason.

Our Run-Down Railroads

by Claiborne Pell

The current national crisis over railroads demonstrates two fundamental facts. One is that railroads still play an essential role in our economic life, so that public policy cannot stand aloof when their survival is at stake. The other is that the railroad industry is belatedly coming to grips with a technological revolution which ironically holds the best promise for the future of the industry and all the people who are and will be employed by it.

It is not my purpose to restate the debate on the manpower readjustments arising from technological

SENATOR PELL *makes repeated train trips between Washington and his constituency, Rhode Island.*

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changes, except to point out that they have become political issues of the highest order. Indeed, if it were not for public and political sensitivity to the delicate balance of human and economic factors at stake, the whole dispute would have long since outrun the limits of protracted collective bargaining.

If we can assume that the social problems will be equitably worked out, and I personally am confident that they can, it seems to me that our public debate on the railroads should be elevated to encompass long-range questions of economic survival of the industry itself, particularly that segment of it which carries passengers rather than goods.

Downward Spiral

Inevitably, it seems to me, pursuit of these long-range questions will lead to the specific inquiry as to how capital investment can be expanded in an industry which has been in a chronic state of economic decline. Our passenger-carrying railroads have been locked into a downward spiral of obsolescence since the end of World War II. Confronted with burgeoning rivalry from automobiles and airplanes, the railroads have been either unable or unwilling to compete. Most efforts at technological innovation have been channeled into freight-carrying operations, while the passenger services have been allowed to decline into seedy disuse. The National Academy of Sciences reported last summer, for example, that United States railroads are spending only seven dollars on research out of every $10,000 received from gross operating revenues, at a time when 58.9 percent of our rail passenger cars are over 30 years old. On the crisis-plagued New Haven Railroad, passenger volume in 1960 stood at 37 percent of what it had been 50 years before.

If we lived in an age which took no responsibility for the future, we might well say "so be it," and allow the decline of the railroads to proceed without attempting to check or reverse the trend. We are, however, committed to a kind of social order which I believe attempts more and more to adapt present action to future needs. And in this case, I believe that even the most cursory examination of future probabilities indicates not only that we cannot dispense with railroad service, but that the importance of the railroads can only be expected to increase radically in the foreseeable future.

We have, fortunately, a working laboratory of the complex, urbanized landscape of the future in the existing super city, stretching across eight of our Northeastern states between Washington and Boston. It is here in the Megalopolis, I believe, that we can start now to experiment with new forms of cooperative efforts between government and private businesses to solve regional transportation problems.

One of the most striking features of this super city is its massive and sprawling population density. It is no longer an area of compact, independent communities. To be sure, the string of great urban centers still marches up the seaboard from Washington to Boston, but there no longer are many open spaces in between. Just as Baltimore is reaching out to touch the expanding rim of greater Washington, so, too, is every central city in the entire area pushing out to meet its neighbor. Over the 450-mile axis from Boston to Washington there stretches an unbroken chain of urban counties, with population well over 100 per square mile, and many with populations over 1000 per square mile. The 1960 census puts the total population of Megalopolis at 37 million – about 20 percent of the nation's total – living on 1.4 percent of the nation's land. The area encompasses nearly 30 percent of all US manufacturing operations and 21 percent of US retail establishments.

Already it is clear that the Megalopolis of the Northeast is only the forerunner of many others which are just now beginning to overflow their classic metropolitan borders in other parts of the country. In 1960, there were 21 major urban regions containing almost 100 million people – over half the United States total – and occupying only six percent of the nation's total land area. Their average population density was almost 20 times higher than the rest of the nation, and they were growing at a rate of more than twice the average for the rest of the US.

If fluidity of movement in these complex areas is a problem in the 1960's, it threatens to get worse in the decades to come. If the population increases at its present pace in the Northeast megalopolitan corridor, it will swell to 64.9 million by the year 2000. The boundaries of the metropolitan areas will have interlocked even more solidly and will have expanded westward. Nearly twice as many people will be converging on the metropolitan centers and our present heavily-taxed facilities will be largely obsolete. By as soon as 1980, inter-city travel in the corridor may increase by as much as 195 percent, according to current estimates.

We who already all too often find ourselves traffic-bound and fog-bound might well ask just how this increase is going to be accommodated. The question, I believe, represents one of the greatest challenges to our ingenuity.

We have witnessed in the past 18 years since World War II phenomenal developments in the field of highway engineering, automobile ownership, safe air service and efficient and economical bus transportation. But we have already reached the point where we can see some inherent limitations to these developments. Our highway system in some areas is overbuilt, monopolizing an excessive portion of our valuable and costly urban area, often without adequate planning for its

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over-all economic and social impact. It has been estimated, for example, that at least 50 percent – possibly as much as 68 percent – of surface space in downtown Los Angeles is used by vehicle movement and storage.

Overbuilt as some of these arteries are, it is patent that they already are strangling themselves with the torrent of vehicular traffic which they help to generate. Nationwide, it is estimated that 92 percent of travel expenditures go for automobile transportation. In the Northeast corridor, random and as yet incomplete surveys show that at least 60 percent of inter-city traffic is by auto.

There are limits, too, in the air. Our air lanes already are too crowded for comfort in some of our bigger metropolitan areas, and our more modern airports are being built so far from the metropolitan centers that they are of most use only to very long-haul passengers.

To my mind, these circumstances lead to one inescapable conclusion – new opportunity for railroads. After suffering a period of dormancy and decline during the flowering of the automotive age, the rails, I believe, must be called from retirement, as it were, to fulfill a new and greater destiny. A few cold statistics tell why. It takes 80 lanes of highways to carry the same number of people in one hour as can be carried on two tracks of rails. Or putting it another way, trains running on a single set of tracks can carry from 40,000 to 60,000 persons per hour, as opposed to a capacity of 1,600 persons per hour on a single lane of highway. Clearly, the railroads will play a key role in our crowded society of the future.

Recent estimates show that even if there is no improvement in rail passenger service by 1980, rail passenger patronage in the Northeast megalopolitan corridor will increase by 122 percent in the decades of the 60's and 70's. And if the service is improved to the slightest degree, the improvement would result in a much greater proportional increase in patronage. One estimate is that a one percent increase in speed would generate a four percent increase in patronage.

Abandonment of our rail services thus would create havoc with our present economy and would spread confusion far into the future, when the need for them will be even greater. I believe, therefore, that we must either catch the faltering lines and rejuvenate them, or if they fail, we must rebuild them from scratch.

Many remedies have been suggested and many remain to be tried. For example, there has been considerable attention recently to Senator Williams' mass transit bill, which would provide direct federal aid to *intra*-city transit systems. This bill passed the Senate last year and is now pending in the House of Representatives.

My concern, as opposed to Senator Williams', is with *inter*-city rather than *intra*-city rail service. It seems to me that we must act now to assure the preservation and improvement of passenger service on the trunk lines connecting the city centers of the Megalopolis.

In 1962, I introduced a bill in the Senate which I believe suggests a new approach to preserving this service. SJ Res. 18 would simply grant the consent of Congress to the creation of an inter-state authority empowered to modernize and operate rail passenger service from Boston to Washington – the whole extent of the Northeast megalopolitan corridor. It has been my thought that this authority would be able to remedy the chronic weakness of nearly all our railroads – namely their apparent inability to devote sufficient new capital to the development and innovations which are needed to make them competitive in the modern era.

As I originally envisioned it, the public authority would not need or receive any outright subsidy of federal or state funds, but it would need the backing of a government guarantee of at least a portion of its obligations. With this backing, the authority could issue low-interest, tax-free bonds on the private bond market to finance the new equipment which the rail lines need to offer competitive service. It is possible that the ultimate solution may assume a different form than the one I have suggested, but I believe that many of the same financing techniques, involving shared responsibility between the public and private sectors, could be applied.

There are, of course, many ways in which we should improve our service. We need cleaner cars, more frequent service, and service that runs on schedule. It would be pleasant, too, if our trains were equipped, as are European trains, with stenographic service, barber shops, and dependable long distance phone facilities.

100 Miles Per Hour

The basic improvement, however, and the one on which I believe the very survival of rail service depends, is increased speed of operation. While the railroads cannot, of course, compete with jet air speeds on transcontinental runs, there are obvious limits to the efficiency of air travel over short- and medium-range hauls in our highly urbanized areas. Here is where our megalopolitan railroads must come into their own. We should take as an absolute minimum goal the establishment of service averaging 100 miles per hour up and down the megalopolitan corridor. This would cut train time between Washington and New York to a little over two hours. With adequate engineering changes, the New York-Boston run could be similarly speeded up.

Clearly, though, the modernization required for competitive, adequate rail service is going to be costly. One current estimate indicates that basic renovations to allow 100 mph service in the corridor from Washington to Boston will cost in the vicinity of $1 billion. Higher

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estimates involve more elaborate reconstruction.

I believe this job is simply too big for the existing private operators of rail service. The best alternative is the public authority, or similar public agency, which will be vested with the public interest but which will in effect stand between the private operators, on the one hand, and the federal and state governments on the other. The prime mission of the agency would be to provide capital for new or improved right of way and new rolling stock. Once the capital improvements are made, it could leave operations to contract arrangements with the existing private companies.

In 1962, my proposal for a rail passenger authority came to the attention of President Kennedy, who had a lively, first-hand interest in the plight of our Northeastern railroads. At his personal suggestion a transportation research program was undertaken in the Department of Commerce to make an intensive study of the feasibility of my proposal. Congress approved a $2 million appropriation for this transportation research program in the current fiscal year, and although the funds must now be shared for other research projects, nearly half of the total appropriation is being used on the Northeast megalopolitan corridor study. A report is scheduled to be made later this year.

In the meantime, the mail continues to run high in favor of my proposal. Newspapers all over the country have expressed an active interest in a practical plan to keep the railroads in business as passenger carriers. But even more important are the expressions of support which have come from spokesmen for the railroad industry itself, from spokesmen for railroad labor, and from citizens who are sick of suffering with our existing over-taxed facilities.

FRANCE—1964

Americanization in Spite of General de Gaulle

by Jean Daniel

Paris

One of the most striking characteristics of Gaullist France is that the Americanization of many of her customs is as great as the distance which de Gaulle wants to put between her and America.

In the press and advertising, this Americanization is spectacular. Every one of the new weeklies and monthlies is inspired by an American original. France now has an equivalent of *Playboy, The Saturday Evening Post, Life* and *Esquire*. Next October a French *New Yorker* and a French *Newsweek* are expected. There are rumors that the powerful Prouvost group will help transform the present weekly *L'Express* into a French *Time*. (Prouvost already owns *Match* – the French *Life*.) There is even a weekly with an American name, *Twenty*, whose makeup, layout, typography and illustrations are pure New York. Every time the office of a French newspaper is revamped, its concept, its organization and its style are lifted straight from Madison Avenue.

Journalism is more and more tied to advertising along American lines; and advertising is more and more tied to public opinion polls, market and motivation research. For anybody who wants to go into the press, either on the technical or the business side, whether in newspapers or in television and radio or in advertising, a period of training in the US is the best of references. Certainly, it is always recommended and encouraged by the management. The American vocabulary has been taken over almost wholesale. One sits at *le desk* to produce *features* before *le dispatching;* one writes *cover-stories* with *cover-girls*. In short, in a big, so-called modern newspaper, the language used is more American-English than French.

French young people, or more precisely the teenagers of 1964, have also adopted American ways. First there is the extraordinary popularity of jazz. Whenever a jazz star comes to Paris, all seats are reserved well in

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advance, and the reception is crazy; so much so, that when Sammy Davis gave a concert here last month, he took himself for Lyndon Johnson's ambassador and wound up with a speech in which he came out for jazz to promote a Franco-American *rapprochement* that the politicians of both countries were preventing. Jazz styles are either derivatives of the twist or imitations of the syrup of Frank Sinatra. The record industry has become fantastically prosperous: a 20-year-old singer may sell 10 million records.

Until recently, the French were puzzled by the seriousness with which children of 13 to 16 were taken in the United States. In France, adolescence was thought of as what it is, a transition toward the age of reason. But today, teenagers are considered as a social class in themselves. There are institutions, books, records, stadiums, specialized centers – all for teenagers. Market research has shown that there are enough teenagers with enough money to make up a market for a whole category of manufacturers and to bring new industries into being. Adolescence is becoming an end in itself. People worry about its reflexes and reflections, its fashions and its desires. There is a tendency to follow the teenagers rather than to train them. In a word, they are respected as adults, and this is precisely one of the things foreign sociologists note about American attitudes toward teenagers.

Moreover, the French, in spite of their cultural chauvinism, have discovered American sociology. If American literature – Saul Bellow, Norman Mailer, William Styron and a few others notwithstanding – seems to have nothing really exceptional to offer them, students at the Sorbonne are taught that in the field of sociology, they have a lot to learn from America and that French sociology is still in its embryonic stage. The dearest wish of any sociology student, even if he is of the extreme Left, is to get a two-year scholarship to one of these oases of world culture, Harvard or Princeton. The student of the extreme Left will justify such a dream by pretending that these universities are in no way representative of American capitalism. For French scientists, there had been a similar attraction, because of the research facilities offered in the US, but this attraction diminished from the moment of the Russian space successes and the opening of the frontiers of the USSR to European youth.

Respect for American sociology does not, however, necessarily mean respect for American art, except for architecture which always fascinates the newly-graduated student. In literature, painting, even sculpture and music, the accolade of Paris is still, for the French, essential to true worth and glory. Faulkner may be recognized by the French *élite* as one of the great writers, but it is immediately added that Paris discovered him before the United States.

In fact, as fast as French society becomes industrialized, it becomes Americanized. In everything that concerns the techniques of production and marketing, the American influence is considerable. This would have been unthinkable some time ago. If it is possible today, it is because France is no longer what one used to think of it as: agricultural, deeply Catholic, temperamentally conservative, but revolutionary by fits and starts, respectful of foreign monarchies but sniggering at her own leaders, and yet more aristocratic than democratic in her traditions. That France was completely closed to foreign and, in particular, to American influence. That France still exists in many regions, but is being slowly eaten away; and we shall now see how.

What's Happened to Paris

A few years ago, a sociologist wrote a widely circulated book called *Paris and the French Desert*. The author, pushing his theories to extremes, tried to prove that everything in France that was not Paris was, or was going to become, as arid and sterile as a desert. In past centuries, all activity – economic, social, cultural, political – did gravitate around the irresistible pole of attraction that was the capital. The provinces, in spite of islands of vigor in Gascony, Provence, Savoy and Burgundy, were considered a step on the road to Paris. All those novels of Stendhal and Balzac about the provincial way of life were seen as social and psychological case-studies, as if life in the provinces were an illness for which only Paris had the cure. It was felt that provincial people were not so much "foreigners," as inhabitants of regions where one could spend one's holidays and rediscover monuments, traditions, cooking or even a political base.

It is not so any more. Of course, Paris still reigns. The suburbs are still expanding and the whole life of the nation is still more or less organized around the swollen capital. But such centers as Marseilles, Bordeaux, Dijon, Grenoble and Strasbourg are becoming themselves regional poles of attraction.

What has happened? Demographic pressure (47 million inhabitants instead of 42 million)? The difficulties of living in Paris? Better communication (television in particular), which reduces provincial isolation and the feeling of frustration and, at the same time, makes it less necessary to live in Paris? Economic development by big industrial complexes like Dunkerque? Whatever the reasons, a deep change has taken place, of which the French themselves are not always clearly aware. And it is very significant that one of the projects credited both to the Gaullist regime and to Gaston Defferre, candidate to succeed General de Gaulle, is the administrative decentralization of the country, with a *préfet* for each province having powers almost equiv-

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alent to those of the governor of an American state.

The signs of this change do not jump to the eye. Yet, one can pick them out in the patterns of French behavior. For example, a young man of talent, whether an athlete, a man of the theater, a novelist, sculptor, architect or painter, is in much less of a hurry to "go up" to Paris, as they say, than he used to be. It is not now exceptional for him to become a member of a regional dramatic art center, a large provincial university or a district technical college. He still yearns for the seal of approval from Paris, but he does not underestimate regional training; this was virtually unheard of before. Also quite a number of Parisians-by-adoption are going back to the province they come from, to get away either from the economic hardships or the psychological effects of life in Paris. These were the same a few years ago, but somehow there is no longer an absolute necessity to tolerate them.

Except for two or three particularly unfavored *départements*, industrial and commercial expansion around each of the new provincial centers is astonishing. Everywhere there are construction sites, new plants, schools, hospitals, old roads being rebuilt, new roads being built. New "cities" are going up, inspired by the architect Le Corbusier, which is to say with their own food, medical and school centers. Within these units, one does not live, one does not think as in Paris, or even as in the nearest town. This is nothing new in the United States, but for a Frenchman it represents a true social mutation.

The Death of Politics

With decentralization, the French are not only resigned to the place where they live, but also are organizing themselves to make the best of it. Now that social success is no longer bound to life in Paris, the most dynamic people concentrate their energy on local reforms, on how to get some of the advantages that Paris can offer. In the provinces they concentrate first of all on making use of sites that had been abandoned or underexploited. There are still a thousand places in France – a fact that is not well known enough – without water mains and without sanitary handling of food. During the last electoral campaigns, plenty of Parisian candidates who went to the provinces to seek election as deputy, discovered with horror that they failed to interest their audience when they spoke about democracy or foreign affairs; but if they talked about how to bring water to the village, how to build a bridge or how to increase the number of local teachers, they had passionate listeners. Somehow the hunger for prosperity and decentralization has killed interest in politics, as politics has been known.

What of prosperity itself? What about the purchasing power and comfort of the French in general? This is a subject of interminable argument in France, especially since the Head of State has acquired the habit of drawing a triumphant balance sheet every six months or so. To hear de Gaulle speak, France is striding with giant steps toward material happiness, comfort, well-being and modernization. To listen to his enemies, however, the so-called prosperity touches only a rather small privileged class and the regime is thriving at the expense of the working class, retired people, artisans, peasants, students and the old.

Let us look at this question dispassionately. It would be hard to deny that there has never been so much talk of tourism and holidays. France has been virtually paralyzed during weekends, Easter and summer holidays; everything then ticks at a slow pace, if at all. Because all schoolchildren and student families have to take their holidays at the same time, the general exodus has created a temporary economic asphyxia.

Sports like tennis or skiing (considered by the workers only a few years ago as a luxury both inaccessible and despicable) are now widely popular. Just as in the US, newspapers offer *all year around* to their readers descriptions of paradises, dream cruises and relaxation in one Eden or another. The Frenchman of modest means travels abroad, especially to Spain, Greece, Italy, Yugoslavia and Israel; he feels that he is expected, and that is something only American tourists felt until the last few years. One finds in Madrid, Athens or Rome theater programs in French, Gauloises cigarettes, French-speaking guides. In these capitals, however limited his means, the new French tourist feels that he is rising above his condition. Moreover, exchange rates in all these countries are favorable to the franc, even if the dollar still retains its international value. Holidays are a favorite topic with the French *petit-bourgeois* who used to think only of fishing on his home river but who now dreams of exotic leisure. One of the most important victories of the automobile workers' unions was a fourth week of paid vacation.

It is also hard to deny that there is full employment and that foreign labor has to be imported. Before, only "skilled," foreign workers were allowed to reside in France for specific jobs. They were mostly Italians for the building trades and Poles for the coal mines. Today, as a result of agreements with the ex-French colonies, a kind of North African sub-proletariat looks to France for what its homeland cannot yet supply. North Africans play in the French cities a similar role to that of the Puerto Ricans in New York (at the present time, indeed, there is a violent racist campaign waged by certain organizations and newspapers of the extreme Right against the too numerous Algerians who still come to find work and who are accused of infecting the cities and causing a rise in crime). Recently, the

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partial closing of the shipyards kindled a strong reaction, not because the 2,000 workers laid off could not find work elsewhere, but because they refused to leave their homes after having spent their whole working life in the same city. More or less everywhere, the problems are caused by job shifts, not by lack of work.

One could add that the number of cars sold, of radios (rather than television sets), the increase in the number of working-class university students, the expansion of textile production aimed at buyers of average means, are all signs of progress and of a lively dynamism which shows both a hunger for prosperity and the beginning of real prosperity. But is this all?

The French Are Not Gaullists

Two factors, of which the French are deeply and daily conscious, can summarize all the others that darken this too idyllic picture: for one, deep injustice in the distribution of national wealth and in the fiscal system; for another, financial instability, which means perpetual increases in the cost of living. French currency is not stable and the race between prices and salaries is run at the expense of a financial policy that would favor economic growth. Gaston Defferre is right when he notes that "the wages for a family with two children had not reached their 1957 purchasing power before the end of 1962; as for a big family, they have not yet, in 1964, reached their 1957 purchasing power."

This is perhaps where one can see more clearly the difference between the "hunger for prosperity" and "real prosperity." A sociologist of Marxist tendency, Pierre Belleville, has just published a book that even officials had to take into account, so true is his description of a national state of affairs. Pierre Belleville has listened to French housewives shopping, has talked with workers at home and on the job, and he has noticed that publicity and mass communications have recently given the Frenchman who can hardly be called affluent an idea of the good life totally alien to his means and possibilities. Because the national product is not distributed on an egalitarian basis, and because the companies which rely on internal investment (that is the ploughing back of profits within the firm) are free from serious taxation, finally because the cost of living keeps going up, a new working class is born in France which is out of breath trying to become middle class without ever succeeding, and which knows the drama of installment buying described in Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*. This state of affairs is all the more dangerous because the progress of nationwide social programs (hospitals, schools, pensions, etc.) is far slower than the growth of hunger for prosperity. What happens then, on a reduced scale of course, is what happens in underdeveloped countries: elites build up immediate consumption at the expense of long-term production to be able to live in a "European way." This, perhaps, partly explains the animosity, or at least the expression of annoyance that foreigners think they detect on French faces when they visit the country (which, it must be said, they do less and less). It is one explanation among many others, but one far from negligible: steeped in narrow, practical, daily problems, one becomes less open-minded and welcoming.

What is most striking in the analysis which foreigners make of France today, is that they do not notice that de Gaulle is only an accident – a prodigious, gigantic, spectacular accident, but an accident. Even in France, only one commentator, François Mauriac, has analyzed de Gaulle's solitude, or rather his isolation. This great Catholic writer now steps aside from his weekly meditations on old age and death only to speak about General de Gaulle. Mauriac is about to finish a book on the man who incarnates for him the eternal France, but not the France of today. François Mauriac calls himself *Gaullien* and not Gaullist. Why? Because he fails to find anything central to General de Gaulle's thought and action in the behavior of his ministers, of the high civil servants and of the backers of the present regime. De Gaulle, for Mauriac, is a mixture of past and future; he is not the present.

It is not only because of the height at which he sees himself that de Gaulle cultivates this frowning and lordly solitude; it is not only because he is isolated that he is alone. It is mainly because he feels he cannot deliver immediately on what he thinks of as his message and, therefore, demands rather an unconditional trust than an intellectual adherence; an act of faith in his person rather than an acceptance of his ideas. He knows that "a prophet is not without honor except in his own country" and that the seeds he sows will be harvested much later. But as a man of action, he knows too that to sow the seeds as they should be sown he needs power, and time in power.

The fact is that the French nation that votes for him is not Gaullist. It allows itself to be flattered, led, directed – but either in resignation, defeat or indifference. The French people who are the most proud of their country today are the ones who travel, because it is only abroad that they can measure the prestige of the man whom the press in France has called successively a disciple of Franco, a Louis XIV, an adventurer, a Napoleon III or an old maniac. It is in the eyes of those abroad that the Frenchman sees that something new has happened in France.

And then the Frenchman goes back to his country to look for the new Gaullist France. And he finds it only in de Gaulle. The real changes in France are much more the changes of a Europe that is becoming industrialized.

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Come Back, Mr. Barthelme

by Hilary Corke

Mr. Barthelme (so threatens the jacket of this dazzling first collection of stories) writes with "a hard and brilliant surface, a marvelous black humor. He does not take for granted the form in which he works, but instead baits it, insults it, turns it inside out. He tests the possibilities of parody, inanity, discontinuity and collage." It sounds ominous. Probably it isn't true. Or, if it happens to be true, then we are in for another bowl of sour cold oatmeal, a little green around the edges. We have had our sick humor, and now we are sick of it. But in fact the jacket promises no less than the body within performs: the humor isn't sick at all, it is as black as black all right, but it is (if I may be permitted the phrase) thoroughly healthy.

Come Back, Dr. Caligari
by Donald Barthelme
(Little, Brown; $4.95)

That one cannot make a thumbnail précis of any of the 14 stories here, is an indication of the sort of stories they are, as well as a measure of the success they achieve. They defy easy boiling-down and serving-up, both because they are extremely varied, the one from another, and because the style in which they are presented is different each time – different because Mr. Barthelme has regarded each construction as a unique problem demanding a unique solution.

There is, for instance, an affair called "To London and Rome"; and I suppose that the simplest of the several things that it is *about* is the euphoric boredom of being exceedingly rich – the tedium of having nothing to do except, by check-writing, to satisfy instantly all one's thus too-easily-disposed-of wants; the emptiness of a world without economic frustrations; at the same time the curious pathos, the purity almost, of entirely innocent self-indulgence. Mr. Barthelme puts this piece into the first person, couched in a flat pleasant style deliberately stripped of all undertones. He cuts out every narrative element except the simple record of needings and buyings; and he emphasizes this by supplying a rubric in capitals which, running parallel with the narrative in a separate left-hand column, records the hiatuses. Thus:

THERE WAS AN INTERVAL — Peter Alison said, what do you want to do now?
Oh I don't know I said.

THERE WAS A LONG INTERVAL — Well we can't simply sit around the apartment Alison said and so we went to the races at Aqueduct where I bought a race horse that was running well out in front of the others. What a handsome race horse! Alison said delightedly. I paid for the horse with a check on the Capital National Bank.

THERE WAS AN INTERMISSION BETWEEN RACES SO WE WENT AROUND TO THE STABLES AND BOUGHT A HORSE TRAILER — The trailer was attached by means of a trailer hitch, which I bought when it became clear that the trailer could not be hitched up without one, to the back of our new Rolls. The horse's name was Dan and I bought a horse blanket, which he was already wearing but which did not come with him, to keep him warm.

Later, Peter buys a new house because there's no place for the horse in his town apartment; and some trees because there are none around the new house; and a grand piano to make the house more comfortable; and a large hospital.

This method of presentation, implying as it does that it is only the repeated acts of expenditure that articulate this inoffensive useless life, is a once-only technique that would be inappropriate to another theme. The term "short story" is more than usually inadequate to such a piece of prose – whose storyline is actually the least important thing about it. It partakes much more of the nature of poetry – a construct whose form is an essential part of its meaning. (It shares the multiple meaning of poetry too: so that this piece could perfectly well be, as well as a social comment, the daydream of a nice silly young man as poor as a church mouse). Or we can gratefully accept the dust-jacket's suggestion of *collage*.

"For I'm the Boy" is a comparatively simple piece of scissors-and-paste work, of two elements only. Bloomsbury is driving back from the airport with his friends Huber and Whittle: they have all been to see off Bloomsbury's wife, who is leaving him. The friends are trying, with pure unpleasant curiosity, to find out just how Bloomsbury feels about this.

She was I thought quite calm Bloomsbury said. You also Huber said turning his head almost completely around. Of course she has been trained to weep in private Bloomsbury said looking out of the window. Training he thought, that's the great thing. Still I thought

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there'd certainly be weeping Whittle said from the front seat. I have observed that in situations involving birth, bereavement or parting forever there is usually some quantity of weeping. But he provided a crowd Huber said, precluding privacy. And thus weeping Whittle agreed. Yes Bloomsbury said.

Bloomsbury continues to block their passes. His friends demand "the feeling" –

I'll give you a hundred dollars Whittle said, for the feeling.

And when Bloomsbury replies that he has decided not, the friends

. . . beat Bloomsbury in the face first with the brandy bottle, then with the tire iron, until at length the hidden feeling emerged, in the form of salt from his eyes and black blood from the ears, and, from his mouth, all sorts of words.

So far, so good and most writers would be glad to have it there. Not Mr. Barthelme! Into this exact, barrenly subtle, emotionally exhausted, narrative he introduces, without warning, three paragraphs which are Bloomsbury's private memories. They are what he has been withholding. And they are couched in a crazy scabrous parody-language, a lunatic concoction of stage-Irish, stage-Scots, stage-Cockney.

An Martha coom now to bed there's a darlin' gul. Hump off blatherer I've no yet read me Mallarmé for this evenin'. Ooo Martha dear canna we noo let the dear lad rest this night? when th' telly's already shut doon an'th' man o' the hoose 'as a 'ard on? Don't be comin round wit yer lewd proposals on a Tuesday night when ye know better. But Martha dear where is yer love for me that we talked about in 19 and 38? in the cemetery by the sea? Pish Mishtar Hard On ye'd better be lookin' after the Disposall what's got itself plogged up. Ding the Disposall! Martha me gul it's yer sweet hide I'm after havin'. Get yer hands from out of me Playtex viper. I'm dreadful bored wit' yer silly old tool.

The effect of these styles in close conjunction is shatteringly funny.

The exploitation of these surrealist effects naturally carries its own severe temptations. The Devil, who may be only the Muse in disguise, is always beckoning: "Come on, courage, take another wild step forward into the darkness!" I would not say that Mr. Barthelme has not engulfed himself upon occasion. "The Viennese Opera Ball," for example, seems over-elaborated, drawing upon model girls' publicity hand-outs, medical reports of heavy gynaecological surgery, company reports, a Dostoevsky bibliography, a biologist's paper on rusts and much disparate material besides. It defeats itself with complexity, just as those too labored collages do whose canvases are fussy and crowded.

At the other end of the scale, "Will you tell me?" is the merest bare record of what the members of a social group did over the years, when, what, with whom, to whom. And this seems to fail the other way, by saying too little. One says "So what?"

Finally there is the peril of letting the style get the bit between its teeth. Mr. Barthelme is extremely tough with his tugging pen and doesn't let it happen. One only senses what might by comparing the Bloomsbury story with its sequel, which is a gorgeously fantasticated account of the hero's relations with his runaway wife afterwards. Each of these pieces is an unqualified success on its own: placed together, though, the effect is less pure. Each is written to its own formula; but the effect of these differing presentations is so strong that the two Bloomsburys, as well as the two Marthas, appear to be other people.

All in all, though, a number of direct hits that explode with resounding impact; and a number of near-misses that are vastly more interesting than the tame successes of almost anybody I can think of.

Next Week

Hemingway in Paris

by Stanley Kauffmann

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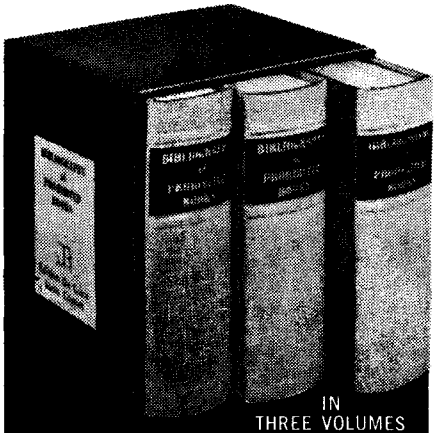

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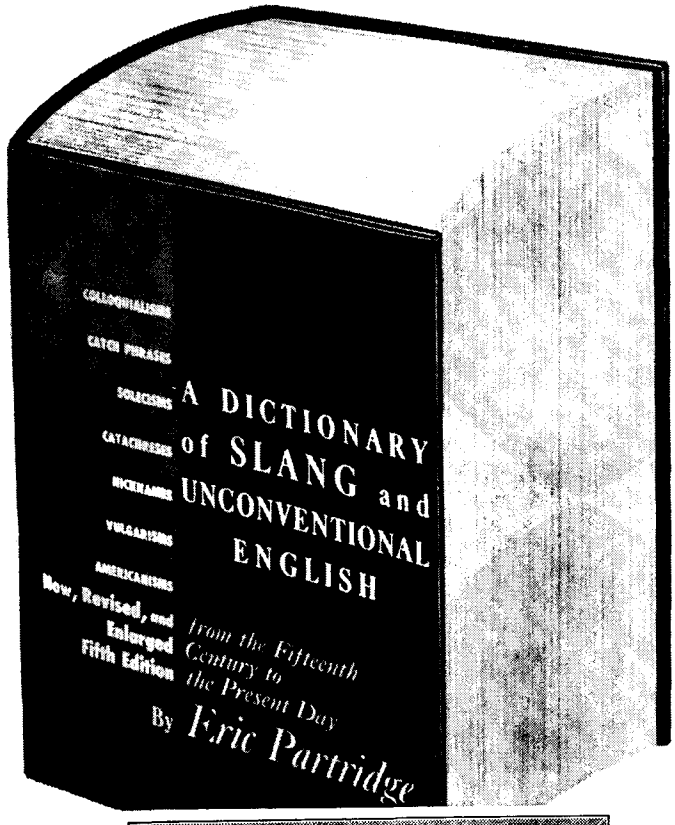

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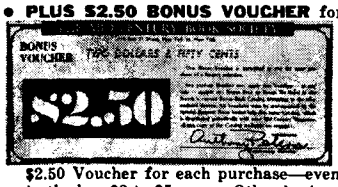

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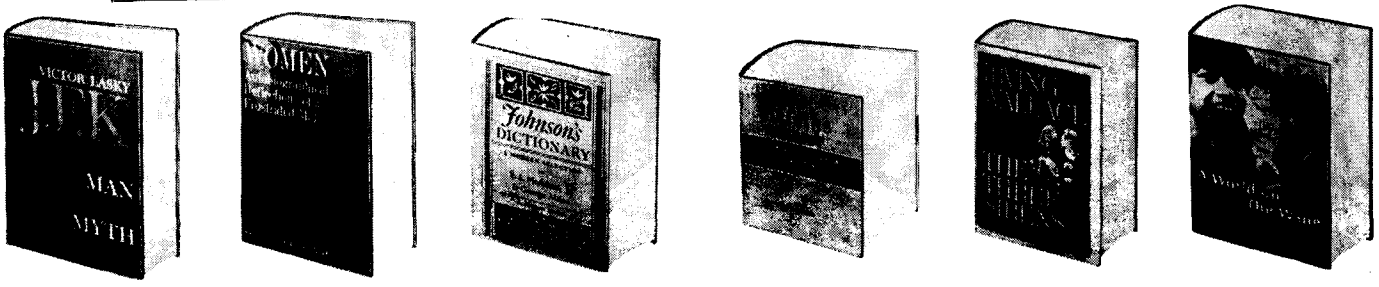

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Born to Rule

by Alex Campbell

In a story he wrote in 1895 ("The Wonderful Visit"), the late H. G. Wells introduced, as a symbol of social protest, a pre-Chaplin tramp who declared that the English were pithed. He was not lisping. The people, he said scornfully, were like frogs used in vivisection: their brains were removed and replaced by bits of pith wood.

It is by and large the angry contention of the writers and editors of these six books that the English are still pithed. The lower orders are pithed by the class system, which continues in spite of Labour governments and two world wars. Branded from birth with the indelible caste mark of a lower-class accent that involves them in lifelong 'esitation about haspirates, numerous English children with high IQ's are automatically excluded from such branches of the Establishment as the upper Civil Service, the Bar and the British Broadcasting Corporation.

But the upper classes, while their privileges are considerable, pay a fearful price for them: they, too, are pithed from preconception. The paths to the upper echelons of English society wind across the playing-fields of Eton and Harrow and their imitators, and through the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. It is practically impossible to penetrate the latter without having been schooled in the former; and to be admitted to the best of the former requires being born with the right accent, and being on the application list of some public school even before birth.

English wearers of old school ties are literally destined to rule. As recently as 1958, a committee reported that most army officers, the entire British Cabinet, almost all the Conservative and a third of the Labour members of Parliament, all the bishops but one and all the High Court judges but one, had received their education in English "public," meaning private, schools.

This, then, is why so many English parents with correct accents but often modest means are willing to make great sacrifices of their children by placing them during ten formative years of their lives behind the walls of boarding institutions that are not easily distinguishable in their practices and punishments from reformatories for delinquents. The training is rigorous. Tearful tots who are placed in the public school of their implacable parents' choice at the age of eight do not emerge from its discipline until they are 18, at which time they are not only thoroughly pithed, but have in many cases ceased to be heterosexual. Their reward is to belong, unchallengeable apparently by anything short of death, to the English upper class, taught to exhibit on all occasions a moral superiority over Americans, aborigines and Britons who have not been to public schools, in that order of denigration.

Formerly, many English public schoolboys became celibate district commissioners, ruling over palm and pine in lands where pig-sticking offered an acceptable substitute for school games. Nowadays they have to go into business instead. According to Roy Lewis, it is ten times easier to be a businessman in England if you wear an old school tie than if you don't. But according to the Oxford economist, Thomas Balogh, the consequence of turning business as well as politics and the professions over to pithed public schoolboys is that Britain's power has been declining at a rate unparalleled since the crash of the Spanish empire.

The editors and writers of the six books eagerly pack their pages with examples of decay and decline. Europe has forged past Britain. Half of the young people want to emigrate. Economic lemmings, the British persist in continuing to ship coal to what have become Newcastles, with the result that Britain's share of world trade steadily shrinks. The symbols of ungracious living are the chipped teacup, the shoddy waiting rooms of the state railways and the national health service.

Bent in rapt concentration over their vivisected frog, Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Blythe trace the course of decay from the mud and muddle of the first world

Suicide of a Nation?
edited by Arthur Koestler
(Macmillan; $4.95)

Great Britain or Little England
by John Mander
(Houghton Mifflin; $3.75)

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war through the appeasing 1930's; Mr. Blythe specializes in striking instances of morbid morphology, like the rector of Stiffkey (pronounced "Stooky"), the last Christian to be killed by a lion for the sake of his beliefs. (He died in the cage trying to raise money for his defense against morals charges.)

Can it be "Great" Britain again? Will the English shed their class system in time, along with their equally odd money and weights and measures? Inevitably, these six books pose cliff-hanging questions. Some even try to supply answers and some of the answers are decidedly queer: Mr. Mander apparently would like Britain to barge into Europe brandishing a bomb, and to seek out the Germans as allies against "French hegemony." The Duke of Edinburgh, much more practical, has waged a relentless one-man war on British muddling through.

Britain needs a great leap forward. Meanwhile, however, the things that seem to have deepest significance for Englishmen will probably continue to baffle foreigners, even though British political leadership apparently has passed to Scotsmen and Welshmen. What fascinates Mr. Churchill about the Northeast Leicester by-election is that the Conservative candidate lost in spite of his being a well-known county cricket captain and member of the staff of *The Daily Telegraph*. Mr. Macmillan, faced with the task of explaining his purge of the Cabinet to the indignant Tory Party, appeared before them wearing his Brigade of Guards tie. This left the dissenters completely pithed.

All About the Republicans

by Gerald W. Johnson

If perfection were attainable in this world – which it, perhaps fortunately, is not – the perfect Democrat would be a megalomaniac and the perfect Republican a miser. Being imperfect, however, the parties avid, one of power, the other of pelf, are capable, on occasion, of setting the public interest ahead of their own. The necessary condition precedent is that the public shall give evidence of being sufficiently enraged to throw the rascals out unless its interest is served. Spurred by fear sharp enough, either party can do, and at various times in the past has done, a reasonably good job.

The Republican Party, 1854-1964
by George H. Mayer
(Oxford; $9.75)

This estimate of our political condition is no novelty. Emerson noted it before the Republican Party was born, and it is implicit in the whole argument of Madison's *Federalist*, Number Ten. But Mr. Mayer has spelled it out with an overwhelming wealth of detail in his study of the first 110 years of one of the major parties.

It is a formidable tome of more than five hundred pages, but it is by no means the dusty compilation of inanities that one expects in a party history issued in a campaign year. Some historian has described Hezekiah Niles as "this serene editor." By the same token Mayer may be described as a serene historian, if one reflects that Niles was in fact as serene as a bottle of tarragon vinegar. Mayer is serene in the sense that he is not shocked by anything; but never think that he is lacking in acidity; if he is not shocked, neither is he deceived by the mellifluous outpouring of campaign orators. It is clear that he equates it with poetry according to Henry Mencken's definition: "The melodious assertion of the patently not true."

As a literary craftsman Mayer is a master of the vignette and this, from the standpoint of the casual reader, is the salvation of his book. Pages otherwise devoted to the dreary intrigues of dismal party hacks are often lighted by a flashing characterization that jerks the drowsy reader's eyelids up: Horace Greeley, whose "pen worked twice as fast as his mind"; Chandler and Wade, "self-made men determined not to let anybody forget it"; Wilson and the elder Lodge, "towering egos prevented

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both men from attracting either affection or personal loyalty. Both were cold, calculating and contemptuous of most of their followers." "Taft [Robert A.] displayed all the characteristics which made a large segment of the electorate think that Republicans were cold-blooded and Democrats were warm-blooded."

But a doubt lingers that Mayer, the historian, attains quite the high rank of Mayer, the writer. As an analytical study of the politics of the period under consideration it is a remarkable work. There is an occasional slip, as when he qotes FDR as saying that while he was President no American soldier would fight "on foreign soil." Roosevelt had his faults, but he was not an idiot. He said "in a foreign war." The first bomb that fell on Pearl Harbor made it an American war, although we were lucky enough to be able to fight it on foreign soil. The analytical historian should not have missed the artfulness of the Rooseveltian diction – a masterly demonstration of the use of language to conceal thought.

In general, though, the documentation of the book is both ample and apropos. The question is whether or not an analysis of the politics of these eleven decades is alone sufficiently rewarding to justify the effort. We are confronted with a spectacle of little men whirled about madly, and the enormously intricate pattern of their gyrations is traced with exquisite care. But of the great winds that spun and propelled them, we are told almost nothing. Apparently Mr. Mayer assumes that the reader is already acquainted with all the tremendous historical movements that between 1854 and 1964 tossed politicians like Shelley's autumn leaves.

No doubt it is a flattering assumption, but it is to be feared that it will leave the majority who are not first-rate scholars with a sense of emptiness, a "gone feeling" that engenders dissatisfaction.

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Aiken as a Novelist

by Herbert Leibowitz

This gathering of Conrad Aiken's novels into one volume is an important event in American letters, for it rescues from undeserved obscurity an art of psychological complexity and stylistic excellence. At times the novels are like Jamesian fables of consciousness; at other times, they resemble one of Melville's boisterous demonic farces. Aiken's imagination is in turn prankish and metaphysical, gloomy and lyrical as it plays over the spectacle of man caught in the toils of love and sex, uncomprehending and perpetually burdened by guilt.

Collected Novels
by Conrad Aiken
(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $7.95)

Aiken is an uneasy moral anarchist. The central motif is the journey; a journey back to origins and forward to death, undertaken without guides or fixed beliefs. It is as if Dante descended into hell without Virgil. Aiken's characters are pilgrims in search of self-knowledge – an unattainable heavenly city on earth. Consciousness for them involves acute suffering, is indeed the dissonant marriage of self and world. Aiken's characters – Demarest, Cather, Jasper Ammen, Tip Kane, Noni and her lovers – are all swept up in psychic disequilibrium, vibrant with corrupting energy. They crave the absolute and harmonious, but usually fall back into the struggle between the timorous quixoticism of their spirit and the turbulent beating of their blood. Against the dissolution of death and the compulsive reiteration of sex, they muster fitfully the intensities of love and language, the consolation of memory.

But this "winnowing of chaos" is threatened by betrayal. The psyche is a wastrel and chameleon; there is "a maggot in the pulse of love." Instead of love, there is terror, aloneness, and posturing. In *Great Circle*, Andrew Cather discovers his wife's infidelity, and is driven to near insanity. In *Blue Voyage*, Demarest, the dilettante artist-hero, is hobbled by his self-pity and his priggish, maundering idealism. He dreams of himself as a lecherous Caligula, but is immobilized by his solipsism. Cather suffers from a violent, and Demarest from a timid emotional shiftlessness. Masters of psychological cruelty, they poison the wells of love.

It is Aiken's unchanging belief that language should expand consciousness, yet language often breaks down into a game to mask feelings, an evasion of self, an invitation to misunderstanding. As for memory, it is difficult to return to the "dark backward and abysm of time" and root out the rank weeds growing there. In an effort to rid himself of his mother-fixation and the disastrous repetitions of failed relations with women, Cather presides over an inquisitional analytic session during

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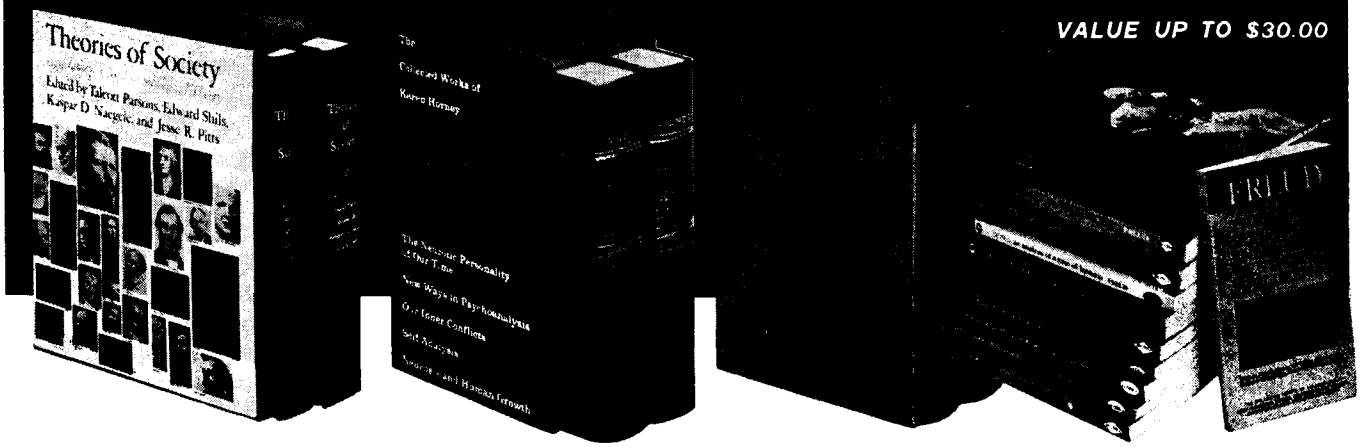
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which he skins himself as raw as the crucified pig in his nightmare. At the end of the novel, his mind still irresolute, he departs for Duxbury, the scene of the idyll and terror of his childhood – this time hopefully to exorcise the memory of his mother's adultery.

King Coffin traces out the extremes of solipsism. To Jasper Ammen the world is a mere extension of his self; it lies solely within his power to create or destroy it. Like Raskolnikov, he has his Napoleonic code of ethics; the exceptional man can do anything, even murder, because he stands, all-knowing and disposing, outside of time and society. Following the axioms of his belief, Jasper severs all ties with his friends, chooses a stranger, "Jones," as his victim, and studies his habits exhaustively. His crime becomes an aesthetic problem to be worked out. At last, discovering that the stranger is himself, Jasper can only annihilate his own personality. In spite of the aristocratic hauteur of his mind, Jasper is a moral monster. What makes his totalitarianism of the spirit finally so terrifying is our recognition that we, like Jasper, vent our lust and power to maim and kill in countless symbolic murders.

The two novels following *King Coffin, A Heart for the Gods of Mexico* and *Conversation,* are tragi-comedies of reconciliation and renewal. In theme and mood they resemble Shakespeare's late romance: the crises of separation, marital discord, and friends' falling out; the affirmation of life through children and the recreative powers of nature; the juxtaposition of the banal and the extraordinary. The realignment of the self to new facts is precarious, and Lazarus rises with difficulty from the dead. The train trip across the heartlands of America, in *A Heart for the Gods of Mexico,* becomes a visit to the stations of the cross that ends with the sacrifice of Noni's love and enfeebled heart to the cruel vitality of the savage gods of Mexico. The novel mourns but accepts impermanence and death in celebrating the valor of love, "the essential magnificence of man's everlasting defeat."

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What most distinguishes these novels is the precision and inventiveness of style. In retrospect, Aiken's autobiography *Ushant* and the *Collected Novels* constitute a special achievement in American prose. The language is comely, polyphonic, and sensuous; it engages by its rowdy discipline, witty earnestness, and virile grace.

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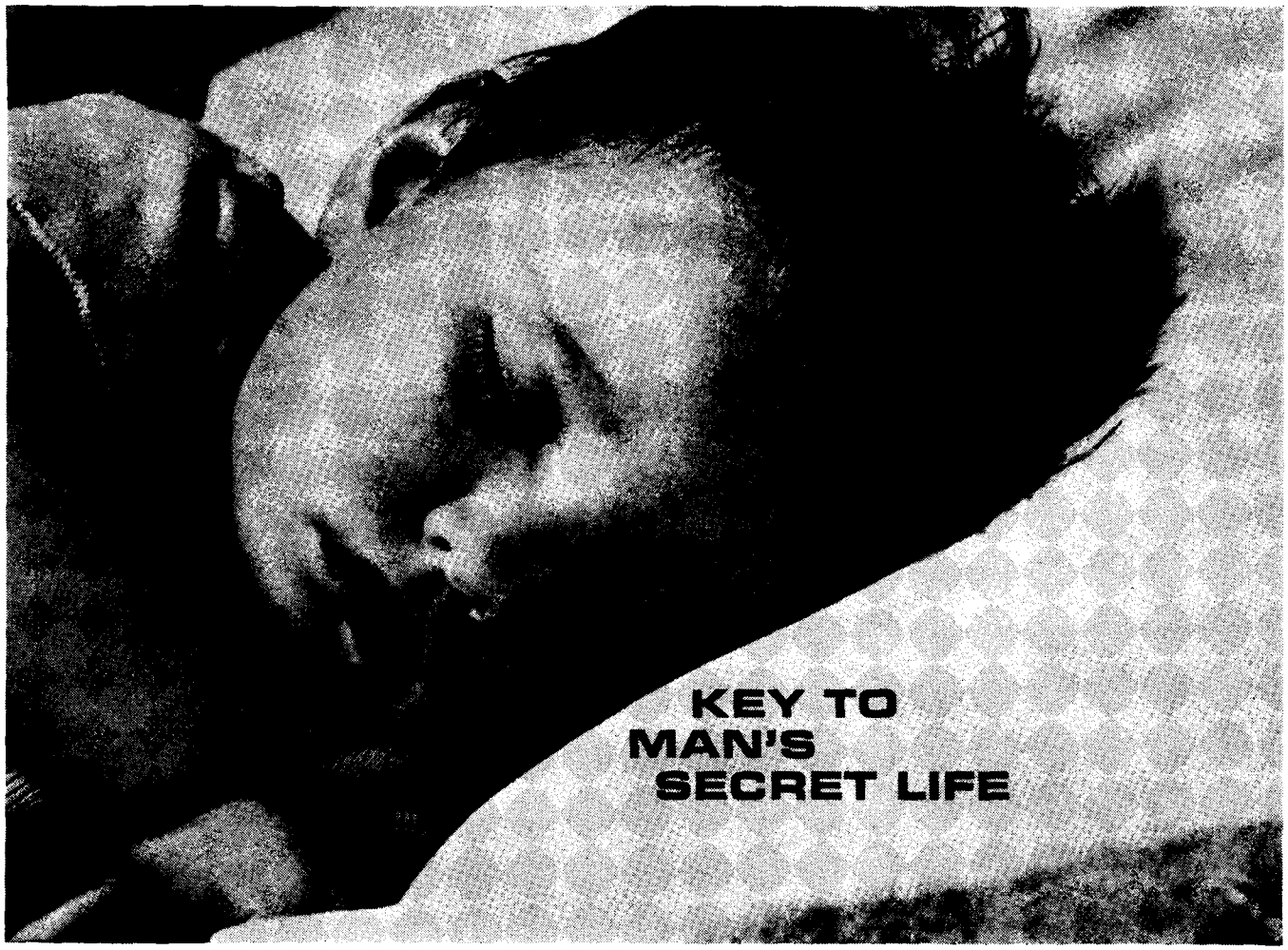

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Popcorn and the Uses of Art

"After all, it was made to be used," said the Turks when they remodeled the Parthenon into a powder magazine, a sentiment doubtless echoed by General Morosini as he began lobbing a few in. The notion that art, unlike whiskey and money, is not there to be used is totally foreign to the men who commissioned, designed, built and decorated many a monument before and since the Venetian's target on the Acropolis. Tomb paintings of the Egyptians were created to memorialize and extend the outstanding features of life for the dead. The Parthenon itself had been a temple to Athena, to Holy Wisdom, to the Virgin Mary and to Allah before Morosini arrived. The notion of art as a thing in itself, needing no justification by social or religious use, derives from Vasari, but the fact is that his three great culture-heroes, Michaelangelo, Leonardo and Raphael – and Vasari himself for that matter – continued as employees of the state; and the art they produced was certainly produced for use. The services of all three were in the ledgers as the suitable accoutrement of fame or power – fame or power which sprang not from the artist or his work but from the prince or his state.

The 17th Century rise of the Dutch still-life and genre painting, we are universally told by historians, coincided with the rise of the Dutch merchant and his fellow burghers. This new class bought that new art for a different use. They linked the subjects: the drunken countryman or the townsman playing bowls, the vase of flowers or the lemons and oysters. We, beneficiaries of a happier educational scheme than his can look at his paintings, now ours, and not even see the succulent bivalves; they're all paintstrokes and composition and abstract color relationships, values the wily painters put in there in the hope that someone like us would get the art away from the vulgar old merchants.

Painting as a self-justifying enterprise only came into full existence early in our century with the writings of Kandinsky. His paintings, according to apocryphal legend, actually made their first important appeal to a customer because Solomon Guggenheim enjoyed looking at them and relaxing after a hard day with columns of figures fraught with hidden meanings. At any rate painting was no sooner free of traditional usage of one kind or another than it fell victim to a new kind, in some ways the worst yet.

Even while Kandinsky was shuttling back and forth between Russia and Germany, Sir Joseph Duveen was commuting between London and New York and promoting that new use, named by its principal scholar, S. N. Behrman, "a brisk trade in immortality." The Behrman theory is well known: Duveen raised the taste of American millionaires from the tame Barbizon pictures they'd been enjoying as if they were the Dutch merchants all over again, to the exalted level of the great masters of Renaissance art, and did so largely by an implied promise of immortality by association. Lord Duveen died just before the beginning of World War II; just after the end of that war a new kind of art became fashionable in America and what with the spread of restrictive export laws in Europe it was widely assumed the Duveen era was over. Strictly speaking, perhaps it was, but in the higher sense it continues yet. The brisk trade in immortality has dictated the entire style of postwar American art as a social event.

By 1945, the person interested in buying a piece of immortality through Braque and Picasso was doomed to disappointment. What abstract expressionism then provided socially was a whole new deck of cards to be dealt anew. Just as antiquity gets more precious the more antique it is, so the new increases in value the newer it is. In the late forties and early fifties, the new rich Americans found they could purchase immortality at the opposite end of the Duveen scale from that on which the master himself had operated, but it was still his scale.

As the present decade opened, the

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same thing happened again. No one could really accumulate much status in 1960 by discovering Rothko and Kline; they were entirely too well established. While their legions of followers were less well-known their discovery was correspondingly less assurance of immortality, which, by this time, suffering from inflation, had become simple celebrity. Something new was needed and the spirit of the times produced Pop Art, again paying belated and unconscious homage to those Dutch merchants: even as their painters reproduced the things they loved, so ours reproduce the things beloved of the new patrons, such as comic books, all manner of advertising and plumbing fixtures.

Abstract expressionism had pointed the way toward a true consumers art when it resolutely renounced all previous standards of art, including those of Kandinsky; but the thing has actually been achieved in Pop. As late as Cubism and Surrealism, it was still possible to make critical judgments: certain painters in those modes were held to be inadequate. But who has heard of a poor Pop painter, an awkward or incompetent arranger of bathtubs or Coke bottles. The consumer, in search of celebrity, has triumphed completely. He is no longer in danger of getting, for example, a second-rate paroxysm by a third-rate surrealist. Everything in Pop is top.

The circle is completed by the recent announcement that USIA, in its first try at assuming normal governmental responsibility in art, is sending an almost all Pop show to Venice this summer. The agency issued a weasely statement to go with the announcement, in which it backed away from endorsing the product and defended its choice for sheer news value. As with the Renaissance Prince, the state and art are back in an immortality exchange.

FRANK GETLEIN

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Gerald W. Johnson's *new book* Hod-Carrier, *has just been published by Morrow.* Herbert Leibowitz *is on the English faculty of Brooklyn College.*

Correspondence

Power at the Pentagon

Sirs:

With friends like "Raymond Senter," Secretary McNamara needs no enemies. Your anonymous reviewer of my book, *Power at the Pentagon* (April 25) can't bear any critical comments on the Nonpareil, even when these are quoted to illustrate the opposition he has aroused. Such supersensitivity to criticism does the Secretary an injustice. Moreover, I *am* an admirer of McNamara, even if I do not worship him or believe him without fault.

Who is "Raymond Senter"? Is he a member of Government, of a foundation or "think" organization, a retired officer, a journalist? As an occasional reviewer of books, I have sometimes been critical, perhaps too severe, but at least the author (and the readers of the review) knew my identity and could ascertain my prejudices as well as my credentials.

I can understand anonymity when the publisher takes responsibility. But judgment of a book is a personal thing, for which an editor or publisher can rarely take responsibility, and usually do not, under the tried and true rule that they offer their columns as a forum of various opinions and with which they do not necessarily agree. Why turn the columns over to a masked assailant?

As for the review: "Senter" quotes my warning that the United States could embrace militarism under civilian as well as military auspices, as though this were directed against McNamara. This is not true. I hope those who read the book will understand from it that the danger to American institutions is not embodied in the conduct of any individual – civilian or military – but is inherent in the national preoccupation with military power, the possible failure to control the radiating effects of the military establishment, and the concentration of power at the Pentagon where public scrutiny is often thwarted.

This may not fit the conspiracy theory of Government, in which dangers are always personified and the villains are always in uniform, but at least that was the idea of the book. My cue, as for many others, was the Eisenhower speech on the "military-industrial complex" and the book deals extensively with defense industry, military involvement in politics, lobbies, the draft, troop indoctrination, national strategies – all against the background of the World War II buildup. There was nothing in the review to indicate this, except a complaint that one had to read fifteen chapters before getting to McNamara – an irrelevancy, as well as an inaccuracy.

Ironically, your lead editorial in the same issue dealt with the important problem of industrial conversion which I discuss in the book. But your reviewer was concerned only with an imagined attack upon McNamara as a "danger" to our society. Any danger to our way

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of life that I may have cited in the book will certainly be made more acute by refusal to examine the Pentagon closely, regardless of who is in charge.

Jack Raymond
Washington, D. C.

The Great Dr. Rebro

Sirs:

My figures on the sale of *The Sexually Deprived: A National Disgrace* were obtained from an editor at Accolade Press, who had a reputation for maliciously discrediting works of scientific research in sexualty (or lack of it). I realize now that that the 628 figure was probably a wish, on his part, rather than a fact. As for Professor Rebro's departure for Mexico, *when* he went is not important. What is important is that he is alive and functioning, and has spared the academic community what many feared might be another Ambrose Bierce Mystery. Now that he has completed his classic study of the anomie-sexual alienation syndrome, I, for one, hope that he will see fit to leave his Aguachillo paradise and return to the United States, where he is badly needed and where the atmosphere for free objective inquiry into sexual deprivation was never better.

Burling Lowrey
Washington, D. C.

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